

.... for a laugh over  
the happy holidays

NEW MAN ON NIXON TEAM

..... Philadelphia District Attorney Arlen Specter .....

(news item)

DARLIN' ARLEN & THE S-BT

or

How to Write a Report without Really Trying

by R. B. Cutler, with all due and proper apologies to Lerner & Lowe, December, 1973

It was a dark and stormy night in the spring of '64 as the group foregathered for what everyone knew would be a dismal evening. . . . .

- Earl : We have a problem: there are more wounds than empty cartridges and shots. One shot to the President's back: one wound. One shot to the throat: one more wound. One shot to the head: two more wounds. Add the cheek-wound of the Innocent Bystander: three empty cartridges, three shots and five wounds.
- Jay : Jedgar called before dinner to say he has taken another peek at the Zap-film. All three shots were fired between frame 210, when the oak-tree no longer blocks Lee-Harvey's view, and frame 313, the fatal head-shot. At Zap-film speed of 18.3 frames per second, that's three shots in 5.6 seconds.
- Allen : Perfection: minimum firing interval for Lee-Harvey's rifle is 2.3 seconds. Three shots could thus be fired in 4.6 seconds leaving one entire second for speculative theorization.
- John : Boys, I sure hate to spoil your one-second perfection but I have five separate and distinct wounds which I think I should show you.
- Gerry : This isn't the locker-room; keep your shirt on, John.
- Earl : The problem, precisely: John's five wounds makes it ten wounds, three empty cartridges, three shots in 5.6 seconds. My solution starts with the first shot missing the limousine and wounding the Innocent Bystander.
- John : That sounds good to me; I heard the first shot before the second shot hit me.
- Jay : Jedgar says the Zap-film shows the head-shot to be the third shot.
- Allen : Which reduces the problem to speculative theorization of the second shot. I'm inclined to give a measure of weight to the grassy-knoll location of the rifle which fired this shot and lacerated the larynx in the front of the neck.

Earl : You're outvoted: two to one. Gerry agrees with me that Lee-Harvey couldn't be in two places over one hundred yards apart in less than ten seconds.

Gerry : Even in training and without his helmet.

Allen : I only wanted to polarize the problem. The point of origin of the shot which entered the front of the neck is therefore above and behind the larynx. There is only one position that fits this description: Lee-Harvey's window in the TSBD.

John : You-all just get that second shot into my back and you've got it.

Jay : Jedgar tells me that from Lee-Harvey's window the two Johns don't line up; close, but no cigar.

*(A humming noise is heard approaching from deep in the room's gloom. As it draws near the familiar tune 'The Rain In Spain' becomes recognizable, but the words have been changed.)*

Hummer : A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw.

Jay : It's one of my assistants whose name escapes me.

Hummer : A Zig, a Zag, but don't forget the Yaw.

Earl : Once more.

Hummer : A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw.

John : I think he's got it;  
I think he's got it.

Hummer : A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw.

Earl : By George, he's got it  
By George, he's got it  
Now just once more, where is this Yaw?

Hummer : In the Law!  
In the Law!

Earl : And why that nasty Yaw?

Hummer : To gore!  
To gore!

Hummer, Earl and John

: A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw

A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw

Earl : In Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire  
(duet)

Hummer : Go thru neck, zig-hard-right then yaw-up

Earl : Hurricanes hardly every happen  
(duet)

Hummer : Miracles hardly ever happen

Earl : How kind of you to let me come.  
(duet)

Hummer : Zag left, then down through chest and wrist.

Earl : Now just once more, where is this Yaw?

Hummer : In the Law!  
In the Law!

John : And why that blasted Yaw ?

Hummer : To gore!  
To gore!

Earl, John and Hummer

: A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw

A Zig, a Zag but don't forget the Yaw

*(Bedlam ensues as the trio dance madly around the un-gloomed room through endless numbers of choruses while the others stomp and clap the cadence to exhaustion)*

Jay : What's your name, Hummer?

Hummer : Specter, sir, Arlen Specter

Earl : Specter, Our Saviour!

John : Single-Bullet - Seven-Wound - Second-Shot Specter!

Jay : Super-Bullet-CE-399's Conceptioner!

Allen : Speculator-Theorizer Par-Excellence!

Gerry : Darlin' Arlen, the Bomb!